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PRICES.—
a Paupers and plain
at the lowest price.
L. HOGGINTON,
Jan 1

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and Paper Drawing
Colors and Drawing
at Boston. Write
directly to the Boston
of the Boston Fock
Secretary, No. 40
to Jan 3

Poetry.

The Song of the Redeemed.

We come! we come, that have been held
In burning chains so long;
We're up! and on we come, a host
Full fifty thousand strong.
The chains we've snapped that held us round;
The wine-vat and the still;
Snapped by a blow—nay, by a word,
That mighty word, I will!
We come from Belial's palaces,
The tipping shams and bars;
And, as we march, those gates of hell
Feel their foundations jar.
The very ground, that oft has held,
All night, our throbbing head,
Knows that we're up—no more to fall
And tremble at our tread.
From dirty den, from gutter foul,
From watch-house and from prison,
Where they who gave the poisonous glass,
Had thrown us, have we risen;
From garret high, have hurried down,
From cellar stired and damp
Come up; till alley, lane and street
Echo our earthquake tramp.
And on—and on—a swelling host
Of temperance men we come,
Contenting and defying all
The powers and princes of rum:
A host redeemed, who've drawn the sword,
And sharpened up its edge,
And hewn our way, through hostile ranks,
To the tea-total pledge.
To God be thanks, who pours us out
Cold water from his hills,
In crystal spring, and bubbling brooks,
In lakes and sparkling rills.
From these to quench our thirst we come,
With freedom's shout and song,
A host already numbering more
Than fifty thousand strong. PIERCE.

For the Christian Reformer.

No.

BY C. W. DENNISON.
Thou little word of wondrous power!
I hail thee with a song;
For, brief in structure as life's hour,
Thy history is long.
When first his language came to man,
Beside Euphrates' flow,
Of thee and thine he learned to scan,
And soon could accent no.
Since then, in every age and tongue
Thy name with man appears;
And thou hast ever been as young,
While he grows old with years.
Empires and kings have lived and died
In earth's vain pagan show;
But from the lips of time the tide
Of life still murmurs "no."
The infant prattling at the knee,
The grey-beard of fourscore,
The leonard, the rich, all speak of thee,
And beggars at the door.
The spring-time bud, the summer blade,
The winter's fruitful snow,
The land and sea, the light and shade,
Have heard the sound of no.
Ah, mighty word! hadst thou been near,
When, by old Eden's tree,
The serpent whispered in Eve's ear
Sin's subtle mystery;
Had she but proved thy power then
To lay the tempter low,
What guilt and shame were turned from men
By thee—a sacred "no!"
Shall not Eve's children own thy sway,
And hail thee from above,
A lesser art in being's way,
But glancing with love?
Yes! thou art given for glorious ends,
Light of this vale of woe!
And not in vain our God defends
The tiny twinkler, no.
Would that the drunkard knew thy spell
To dash the fatal bowl!
Would the adulterer knew how well
Thy arm could free his soul!
When o'er all ranks our foe shall coil,
With eyes that lustful glow,
This little word his acts shall foil—
A Saviour-spoken "no!"
Newton, Mass.

A noble Example.
When bleeding Mercy from the skies
Assumed a human form,
It was to bid the helpless rise,
And house them from the storm.
The fire of love in Jesus' breast
Shone steady, pure and bright;
To be among the poor a guest
It was his chief delight.
To imitate the Son of God,
What should his followers do,
But spread their deeds of love abroad,
Man's welfare to pursue?
To heal the broken heart—and pour
Into the aged breast
The oil of joy at sorrow's door
To be a constant guest.

The Family Relation.

The Parting Kiss.

A FRAGMENT.
I was five years old when my mother died; but her image is as distinct to me as recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I erred, for I was a wild, thoughtless child, there was a trembling mildness about it, that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so?" I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, that I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me "to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love." I recollect she was very sick all day, and my hobby horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for a whole day and it seemed very long. At night they told

me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she usually used to do before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered, "Mother, mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold; and when she put her arms around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shudder creep all over me. My father carried me out from the room, but he could not speak. After this I felt that I never loved him before. I have felt that if I never loved him before, I certainly would begin now.

Dear children, you cannot come here, but you can love Christ without coming. I hope you will begin immediately; for though you may never come and see the Saviour lived when on earth, yet you must soon go and see him. You will all meet him at his judgment-seat, and he will then ask you whether or not you loved him sincerely when you lived on earth.

He never speaks kind to me.
Conversing the other day, with an interesting little girl, between the ages of six and seven, I took occasion to impress upon her mind the debt of gratitude due from her, to her Heavenly Parent, for doing her, to her Heavenly Parent, for bestowing upon her so good and kind a father, whom every body loves. I was perfectly thunder-struck by her answer. Looking me full in the face, with her soft blue eyes, she replied, "He never speaks kind to me." Perhaps this Christian father, harassed with the cares of business, was unconscious that he had roughly checked the fond attentions of his child; but could care or the interruptions of his child, excuse unkindness, or a total want of tokens of endearment? Will fathers examine their habits on this point?

The Childhood of Jesus.

The following lines are from a beautiful little volume, entitled, "Fresh Flowers for children: by a Mother." In the green fields of Palestine,
By its fountains and its rills,
And by the sacred Jordan's stream,
O'er the vine-clad hills.
Once lived and roved the fairest child
That ever blessed the earth;
The happiest, the holiest,
That e'er had human birth.
How beautiful his childhood was!
Harmless and undefiled;
O, dear to his young mother's heart
Was this pure, sinless child!
Kindly in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as the dove;
Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love.
O, is it not a blessed thought,
Children of human birth,
That once the Saviour was a child,
And lived upon the earth!

Letter from Mount Lebanon.

The following beautiful extract is from a letter written by Mr. L. Thompson, to the children of the Sabbath Schools in Woburn and Granby, and published in the S. S. Visitor.
I suppose you all know that I am in the land which you read about in your Bibles,—that land where prophets and apostles lived, labored and died,—where Jesus Christ, too, the blessed Redeemer, was born and crucified. I need not tell you that it is a very interesting land. I have visited a great many places which Jesus used to visit,—have walked over the same hills, and looked on the same objects, with which he was familiar. I have prayed and sung in the garden of Gethsemane, where he wrestled, and "sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." I have gone over the mount of Olives, to Bethlehem, "the town of Mary and her sister Martha," where Christ used often to go, and where he raised Lazarus from the dead. I have stood on Mount Zion, where David, the "sweet psalmist of Israel," once lived, and on Calvary, where a far greater than David shed his precious blood for poor sinners. And as I have visited these and a great many other places mentioned in the Bible I have had feelings that I never knew before. Sometimes the tears have come

into my eyes, when I have thought of the kindness and sufferings of Christ for this guilty world, and of the coldness and neglect which he received from the Jews, and still receives from all who do not give him their hearts, and serve him faithfully. Surely, my dear young friends, if you could come to this country, and see where the Saviour toiled, and suffered, and died for you, you would feel differently from what I fear, many of you now do. I think you would all say, it is right that you should love a being who has so loved you. I have felt that if I never loved him before, I certainly would begin now.

Dear children, you cannot come here, but you can love Christ without coming. I hope you will begin immediately; for though you may never come and see the Saviour lived when on earth, yet you must soon go and see him. You will all meet him at his judgment-seat, and he will then ask you whether or not you loved him sincerely when you lived on earth.

Miscellany.

Modern Popular Writers.

For many years there has been a most unhealthy time of feeling fostered by several popular writers. The principles of Godwin were so extreme and openly avowed, that the danger of their influence was greatly diminished. The same may be said in some degree of Shelly, whose short but wretched career was disgraced by the avowal of disbelief in the existence of a God, and was so far left, to himself, that without being extravagantly vicious himself, he seemed insensible even to the common decencies of life, and could hardly be prevented by the judgment of his friends from presenting the crime of incest in a favorable and interesting light. Suddenly cut off in the midst of his career, his funeral was celebrated on the shore of the Mediterranean by Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt, who consumed his remains, recovered from their watery grave, and finished the ceremony by getting drunk, and returning home at midnight, singing, as Galt describes the scene, and shouting like demons.

But Lord Byron himself has done more than most men to corrupt his age, and to introduce a false and unhealthy tone of sentiment. His life by Moore is alike disgraceful to the poet and his biographer. It shows how heartless he was at the very time he was the idol of the sentimentalists, and like Rousseau, pouring forth his infamous confessions, was painting his own character in that of *Childe Harold* the Corsair, and *Lara*. Even when wearied out himself with the mawkish sentimentalism it was his pleasure to inspire, he did not cease to be popular when the licentious impurities of *Don Juan* had rendered it needful, for a time at least, to separate this from his other poems. Still his *Don Juan* was a sort of picture of himself, and of his own wretched and immoral life. Supremely wicked in reality, and deeply convinced of the depravity of the human heart, he would not seek for that balm which, with "a new heart, and a right spirit," would have brought peace to his troubled soul. He spoke of "man's heart," and of "the hell that's there;" he spoke of the secret work that corroded joy and youth; but he told both the cause of his misery and of his despair, when he mourned that "the light of life—the demon thought," or conscience, followed him, and when he spoke of "that settled ceaseless gloom."

"That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before."
This unhappy nobleman gratified his vanity by writing lackadaisical verses about his own wretchedness, and by moving the sympathy of morbid sentimentalists, while he was wallowing in the mire of selfish sensuality, and perhaps uniting with his friend Tom Moore in singing over deep and long potations of gin and hot water.

"Then fill the bowl, away with care,
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gladden the past."
Godwin, Byron, Tom Moore, Shelly, and others, have by their writings done much to corrupt public morals, but there is another class which is perhaps more immediately dangerous, as they are still popular. Among those who are diffusing a vastness of anti-moral leaven in works professedly dedicated to amusement, stands Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Of him the Times thus writes:—"At the head of living British novelists or thereabouts, most persons would place the ex-Member for Lincoln—a gentleman who received a baronetcy from the same hands which presented Robert Owen to the Queen. We plead guilty to having read several of this gentleman's works, which seem expressly written to show that a man may commit crimes of the deepest dye, without being a wit the less amiable, high-minded, or even virtuous. His earliest works, called *Falkland*, is the history of an adulterer, the most noble and generous of mankind, under circumstances of a peculiar nature led to seduce the wife of his friend. A second entitled *Paul Clifford*, represents another of these perfect specimens of humanity as the captain of a band of highwaymen in Berkshire. The contrast in point of morality between this hero, and the crowd of Judges, Bishops, and ministers of State who fill up the background of the picture, is most favorable to him; and in the end he escapes scot-free to America, where he becomes a pattern of wisdom and beneficence to the whole Occidental Republic. A third, a fourth, and a fifth of these novels are occupied in the delineation of different varieties of the attractive

murderer. In *Devereux*, a gentleman, outside all amiable, murders his brother's wife, and ends his days as an interesting enthusiast in Italy. *Eugene Aram* (one of the real heroes in the *Newgate Calendar*) is held up to sympathy and admiration as a pure minded intellectual, habitually noble in action, feeling, and thought. In *The Discovered*, an eminent philanthropist and great political reformer murders his chief benefactor by mistake supposing him to be the Premier. We do not mean that Sir E. L. Bulwer vindicates these actions of his heroes; he does no more, of course, than "praise them with faint blame," and leaves his readers to conclude that into mistakes such as these, strong delusion or an overpowering moral necessity is exceedingly apt to betray the best of men.—*London Record*.

No time for Reading.
Go into the houses of some of our farmers and you find no newspaper, no periodical of any kind, and hardly a book. Ask such men to subscribe for a paper, and they will tell you that they have no time to read one. But who is so constantly employed as to find no leisure for the employment of his mind? Not the farmer; for the long winter evenings afford him several hours every day, which he might devote to reading. Not the mechanic; for instances are frequent where the industrious artisans have attained an eminence in the sciences, merely by giving their leisure to study.

One of the most eminent Oriental scholars of the age is Professor Lee, of one of the English Universities, and yet all his education was acquired during the moments of leisure which he found while employed as a journeyman carpenter.

Affairs at Cuba.
The state and prospects of this great and important island cannot be highly interesting to the people of the United States. We need not, therefore, add any preliminary remarks for the purpose of calling attention to the following extract of a letter addressed to the editor by a highly respectable gentleman of New York, now at Havana, whose opportunities for obtaining correct information are second to no one occupying an official station. The letter is dated Dec. 16, 1841. Our friend says,—

"The affairs of this island are assuming a very interesting aspect. The tyrannical and exactions of Old Spain are raising a spirit of discontent and resistance among the Creoles. In order to raise money, she is selling every kind of property—convents, with all their appurtenances, a public square, the walls of the city, &c. &c.—like a spendthrift heir who sells the family estate, pictures, and other heir-looms, to supply his pressing wants. I am sorry to efface the favorable opinion which we in the United States entertained of the present captain-general, Valdez, that he had refused the money of the slave traders. His virtue remained unimpaired by the temptation. He was followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, in filling his coffers with the price of human blood.

"The other day, a slave belonging to Don Joaquim Gomez arrived from the coast of Africa with 700 slaves. Mr. Cajal, a favorite nephew of Gomez, Mr. Sama, another celebrated slave-trader, and another person, went to the place of disembarkation, where their rejoicings were so great at the safe arrival of the slaves, and the safe landing of the negroes that they gave themselves up to all sorts of imprudent indulgences, the consequence of which was the sudden death of Cajal and the dangerous illness of Sama.

"You are aware that the British consul, Mr. Turnbull, has demanded of the captain-general the liberation of the Emancipated of this island, whose condition is more deplorable than that of the slaves. The number is probably about 5,000. So vigorously and perseveringly has Mr. Turnbull pursued this object, in spite of shifts, evasions and denials, that he had the triumphant satisfaction, on the 14th instant, of receiving from the hands of captain-general Valdez, the freedom of a woman, Matilda, who has been held in this unrighteous bondage for thirteen years. This is very important, as being the first fruits of what we hope will soon be a full harvest, the freedom of all the Emancipated."

These "Emancipados" are the Africans who have been taken by British cruisers and carried to Havana, and liberated by the Court of Mixed Commission. These used to be afterwards indentured out for a term of years, on a pretext of teaching, &c., but in Cuba they have been retained as slaves for life, only worse treated because held by an uncertain tenure. Humanity is deeply indebted to Mr. Turnbull for his bold and persevering efforts, in the very jaws of the beast, to rescue these unhappy beings out of slavery. By a new arrangement, the Emancipados are now sent to British islands, where they come under the protection of good old Habeas Corpus.—*Emancipator*.

The Slave Trade.
The greatest obstacle now existing to the suppression of the African Slave Trade, lies in our own Government—a government which was first to declare the trade piracy, and is last to push the execution of the laws of nations against it! Every true hearted patriot must grieve over the prostrate honor of this country, when our flag is made to protect a band of piratical slave traders, in four of the declarations of our Statute books, rather than allow the right of mutual search. And why is it so? Because the Domestic institutions of the South require it!

Our government claims that the flag of the Union shall protect every vessel that sails under it, not only against seizure but against inquiry. The consequence is, that the traffickers in human flesh, of all nations, have only to raise "the stars and stripes," to meet head, when fallen in with by a cruiser, to secure them immunity, though their infamous cargo may be on board! Thus, in face of our pretended abhorrence of the Slave trade, are we as a nation doing more to sustain and perpetuate its atrocities than all other nations! O shame! Where is thy blush! Sure we are, that when this subject comes to be understood, by the mass of the people at the North, and even at the South, our Government will receive a rebuke, more wholesome than pleasant.—*Recorder*.

Saturday Night.
BY CHARLES F. LINSLEY.
How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence, "Saturday night." It is indeed but a prelude to more pure, holy, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame and thankful soul hails with new and renewed joy at each succeeding return.
'Tis then the dir of busy life ceases; that cares and anxieties are forgotten; that the worn out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired laborer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he had been a stranger perhaps the past week, where a loving wife and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses. Here he realizes the bliss of hard-earned comforts; and at this time perhaps more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks in the clustering vines nourished by his parental care, the reality of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons and under these congenial circumstances—so faithfully and vividly evinced by this periodical acme of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, who has toiled on, day after day to support her little charge, how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday Night," and thank her God for these kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose ear does the sound of "Saturday Night," strike more pleasantly than the devoted Christian? Here he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

His waiting soul looks forward to that morn when, sweetly smiling, the great Redeemer burst death's portals and completed man's redemption. His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God in the sanctuary on the coming day; and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, save spiritual, that he may feast on joys ever new—ever beautiful—ever glorious—ever sufficient to satiate the joy-fraught soul that rightly seeks its aid.

It leads him to the Lamb of God for protection; and rationally points out the way to joy on high, an endless Sabbath, a perpetual rest for the vigilant, the watchful, the faithful.

"Bad Things."
A rumsseller from the country, whose bloated and blotched visage, could it have been hung out at his door, would have served as a most appropriate sign to indicate the character of his employment, recently called at a store in this city. Well, said one of the firm, on whom he called, how is business with you? "Very poor—very poor.—These temptance cities are bad things for the country. They're just like these ligitious cities—very bad things."—*Me. Tem. Journal*.

CONSUMPTION OF WINE & C. IN LONDON.—It is said that the inhabitants of London consume annually 65,000 pipes of wine, and 2,000 barrels of porter and ale, besides large quantities of spirituous liquors. The inhabitants of Paris consume annually about 16,000,000 gallons of wine, 600,000 galls. brandy, and 350,000 barrels of beer.

EXPENSES OF ROYALTY.—It costs the English nation \$10,000 for wine and liquors, and 15,000 for ale and beer, for the royal family annually.

COLD WATER AGED.—The Albany Journal says that Governor Seaward, in his preparations for the new year, has substituted lemonade and cold water, for punch and wine. This is a bold innovation, but one which the spirit of the times demands. The temperance cause has a right to claim an example from the highest authorities. The amount heretofore expended for wine, &c., by the Governor, will now be given to the poor.

THE N. Y. Commercial says that the same excellent and praiseworthy "innovation" was adopted by his honor, the Mayor of New York.

CHAMPAGNE.—The entire quantity of Champagne drunk in 1840, is estimated at five millions of English gallons. How many gallons will be consumed under the name of Champagne! This is a question more easily asked than answered.

LOOK AT THIS.—Three hundred ladies walked in a temperance procession, in Rochester, N. Y., on the 18th ult., with a banner bearing this motto, "Total Abstinence or no husbands."

VERY APPROPRIATE.—A Temperance paper is said to have been carried by a boatman on the Water-Spot. It pours a pretty hard stream on alcohol.

Advertisements.

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